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He was led by the hand of Time, and accompanied by Fancy. See page 155.

FANCY'S WREATH;

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

Original Fables and Allegorical Tales,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE,

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

OF

YOUTH.

By Miss ELLIOT.

LONDON:

Printed by T. BENSLEY, Bolt Court,

FOR WHITE, COCHRANE, AND CO. FLEET STREET.

1812.

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PREFACE.

10 Jan 30 Read

THERE is scarcely any species of composition at once so entertaining and instructive, or which is so well calculated to captivate the attention, and enlarge the mind, as allegorical narrative. It may be said, indeed, to occupy the intermediate rank between the vivacity of Poetry, and the languor of Prose: to convey all the instruction of the essayist, under the fascinating charms of the poet.

Fable too we find nearly allied to allegory;

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pursuing the same path, with the same object in view. The writings of Æsop, however apparently frivolous and infantine, were perhaps as universally beneficial to mankind, in exhibiting, under the disguise of amusement, the prevailing vices of the world, and the insidious treacheries of the human heart, as any of the most elaborate treatises of the sages of antiquity. History furnishes us with instances of the striking effect that a well-applied fable is capable of producing, and has shewn us, that it will sometimes carry conviction to minds insensible to the force either of persuasion or argument. To embellish moral and religious truths with the flowery ornaments of fiction, and to employ the inventive powers to give a new and more attractive aspect to those salutary lessons, which, although they can never cease to be beneficial, may yet become

wearisome, has been a task to which the most celebrated authors of all ages have devoted their attention. The works of our best periodical writers have been enlivened and adorned by allegories and many other fictitious tales; and if we pursue our researches still higher, we may trace a sanction for this species of composition even in the sacred pages of the holy Scriptures. From this divine mo del moralists have been taught the efficacy of clothing their precepts in the garb of fable, and tempering their admonitions to the taste and feelings of human nature. The world abounds therefore with every variety that prolific fancy bestows, and liberal is the intellectual feast that offers itself for the gratification of a cultivated understanding. Amidst this literary profusion, however, scanty is the portion of allegorical writings peculiarly adapt-

ed to Children: although compositions of this kind are constantly placed in their hands, so few are suited to their comprehension, that it is to be doubted whether they are not too often satisfied with skimming the surface, without searching deep enough to discover the moral of the piece: yet surely at this season of life to stamp the wholesome lessons of wisdom unresisted upon the tablet of the memory, by captivating the attention, is particularly desirable. In Allegory, truth conceals herself beneath the veil of fiction, and thus disguised finds a readier entrance into the hearts of youth, whose volatile feelings and wavering affections are scared by the severity of her countenance, and awed by the solemnity of her aspect, when unadorned she presents herself before them.

From this idea, the author of this little

volume has been encouraged to present it to the juvenile world: the hope that has animated her humble endeavours and the object she has steadily kept in view having been to provide for their leisure hours, amusement not destitute of improvement; and to twine for the lovely brow of youth, a WREATH from the garden of FANCY.

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FANCY'S WREATH.

THE WISE SHEPHERD.

In a very remote island there once lived a Shepherd, whose retired, but industrious life, was spent in an active performance of the duties of his station. His humble dwelling stood at the foot of a rock, which sheltered it from northern winds, and trees of the most luxuriant growth screened it from the heat of the noon-day sun. His frugal meals were composed of wild fruits and roots, and a spring which issued from the rock supplied him with water bright as crystal. He was *healthy*, because

he was always *temperate* and industrious, and he was *happy*, because he had no immoderate wishes.

> " His hours in cheerful labour flew,
> " Nor envy, nor ambition knew."

But though his education had been as simple and humble as his situation in life, and (though perfectly unlettered, and unacquainted with art or science) he had yet acquired from experience, such a knowledge of the properties of the vegetable world, he so well knew all the various qualities of herbs and roots, and flowers, that he was enabled to afford relief to many of the maladies and diseases of his fellow-creatures.—This was to his benevolent mind a source of such satisfaction, that he applied himself to the pursuit with increased eagerness, till at length, among the simple and unenlightened inhabitants of

the island, he was reckoned "*wonderous wise,*" and resorted to for advice upon all occasions. By degrees his fame extended even beyond its limits, and he was spoken of in other countries as the wise Shepherd, who had a cure for all complaints, and a charm for every disease, whether of the body or mind.—A very rich, but very unhappy man, whose youth had been spent in the gratification of every appetite, and the indulgence of every wayward wish, whose body was enfeebled by luxury and idleness, and whose mind was debased by selfish passions, having in vain had recourse to every remedy that the learned of all countries could devise, having ransacked all quarters of the globe, to procure amusements and luxuries, which neither gave relief nor amusement, was, in the prime of his manhood, reduced to a state of complete despondency, and dead

to every pleasure, when intelligence was brought him, that in an obscure and remote island, there existed a wise man with power to restore health both to the body and mind. But that, as no entreaties or bribes would persuade him to leave his retirement, it would be necessary (if he wished to receive from him such inestimable benefits) that he should himself make application for them, and visit in person the Shepherd's hut. The person who brought him this intelligence hardly hoped it would be of service to his sick friend, who, as he lay in languid dejection stretched upon his downy couch, seemed ill able to undertake so long and hazardous a voyage, or to put up with the reception he would probably meet with at the end of it in the cottage of the Shepherd. The prospect however of health and happiness, in exchange for melancholy and

disease, was too alluring to be easily relinquished, and, animated by the very idea, he immediately determined to undertake it, and instantly gave orders for the necessary preparations. No expense was to be spared in contrivances to render his journey as easy as possible to him, and all sorts of artificers were employed to erect the most commodious vehicles, couches, litters, sedan chairs, &c. A numerous retinue was to accompany him, enormous stores of provision were to be carried; persons of different trades were to follow him, to be ready at all times to supply every real, or imaginary want; and, in addition to all these, he determined to carry with him a considerable proportion of his immense property, in order to impress the poor man he was going to visit with a high idea of his importance, and of the extent of the reward he was likely to re-

ceive if he could succeed in restoring him to health. For this purpose he commanded that a large silver chest should be filled entirely with silver, and carried by slaves in the most magnificent dresses; that another chest, composed of solid gold, and filled with the most beautiful specimens of that precious metal, should be carried on the back of a camel, and attended by double the number of slaves; and, lastly, that a vase of the most exquisite workmanship, studded with precious stones, containing the most costly jewels and ornaments imaginable, should be conveyed in a magnificent car, erected for the purpose. Every thing being in readiness for his departure, the cavalcade assembled early in the morning, and formed a line which extended through the whole of his spacious grounds. He was himself superbly drest, and carried on a sort of palanquin, with a golden ca-

nopy over his head. The procession moved forwards, and by short stages performed the inland part of their journey. When they reached the coast, a fleet was in readiness to receive them, and the whole retinue was speedily embarked. They arrived in due time at the island, and were easily directed towards the desired dwelling. The Shepherd was seated under a tree, engaged in the preparation of simples whilst tending his flock. On raising his eyes he beheld the long cavalcade approaching, and arose to meet them. After a short interview, in which the Nobleman made known to him the purport of his visit, 'Sir,' said the Shepherd, 'your case is a difficult one, but, nevertheless, I will willingly undertake it, provided you will consent to certain conditions I shall require of you.' 'Name them, (replied the Nobleman;) 'give me but health, and

name your conditions. My fortune is, as you may perceive, not very inconsiderable; my power is extensive, and my inclination to reward you, should you succeed, I promise you will not be small.' 'I am not content with promises,' said the Shepherd. 'Well, (replied the Nobleman, somewhat impatiently,) what agreement shall we enter into? I have a chest filled with silver, sufficient to secure to you a life of affluence.'—The Shepherd shook his head.—'Will not that satisfy you? (continued he;) 'well, then, take, (what must surely exceed the most extravagant desires thy heart can ever have formed) take, (said he, with a sigh,) my magnificent chest of gold.' 'Your chest of gold,' (replied the Shepherd,) however valuable *you* may esteem it, is to *me* as nothing.' 'Nothing! (replied the astonished Nobleman, who, from the simplicity of

the Shepherd's life, little expected to find such exorbitant ideas;) How! can it be possible that you should desire a higher reward? and what pleasures, (cried he somewhat contemptuously) can you aspire to, that it will be insufficient to procure? I thought to have found thee a man of moderate desires, who would have received my favours with the humblest gratitude.' 'Nevertheless, (replied the Shepherd calmly,) the rewards I hope for are higher rewards, and the pleasures I desire, thy gold is insufficient to procure.' 'Thy avarice be thy punishment then, (said the Nobleman;) I see thy aim; how liberal soever my offer, thou art not content, whilst any thing more valuable remains to be won. My gold and silver is despised, because thou knowest my jewels are of superior value; but know, that I would as soon resign my life as part with these. To lose them would

be to lose all the delight of my past, and the hope of my future days.—Thy covetousness, therefore, in seeking a prize so much above thy deserts, has robbed thee of all; for either thou must accept my gold, or see me instantly depart.' 'I will not accept thy gold, (said the Shepherd,) therefore farewell.' 'Farewell! (said the Nobleman, trembling with rage at the composure of the poor man, and his feeble frame almost overpowered, at the disappointment of his hopes.) 'And can you possibly have the cruelty to suffer me to return, without exerting your power to restore me to health? Can you withhold from me the blessings you have it in your power to bestow, and suffer me to tread back the weary journey I have performed to no purpose?' 'Comply with my conditions, (said the Shepherd,) and you shall return with health and joy. Your wasted frame shall exult in the strength and vi-

gour of manhood, your spirits shall glow with the vivacity of youth.' 'Cruel, but irresistible man, (cried the Nobleman, subdued by the idea), take then thy heart's desire, take my precious jewels, and be satisfied.' 'No (replied the Shepherd,) I ask only my *own* conditions; what those conditions are, you have not yet heard.' The Nobleman, confounded, and at a loss what to think or what to say, remained silent, and the Shepherd proceeded. 'I leave it, sir, entirely to yourself, to determine what reward you shall think me entitled to. All that I require of you is, that you will give me leave, for one night, to change places with you. That you will allow *me* to rest in the magnificent tent *you* now repose in, that you will intrust me for that time with complete authority over all your attendants, and resigning for the twelve hours all superintendance and direction

of them to *me*, you will condescend to take up your abode in my humble cottage.' The Nobleman, though shuddering at the thoughts of the miserable night he should pass, was yet so delighted to find that his hopes might be satisfied without the forfeiture of his jewels, that he immediately consented; and assembling his whole retinue, he gave orders that from the setting to the rising of the sun, they should look upon the Shepherd as their lord and master, and pay to him, and him only, the obedience usually bestowed upon himself. Night now came on apace; and the Shepherd's first care, after having penned his fold, was to conduct his noble guest to the humble roof that was to shelter him. With hospitable care he trimmed his hearth, and placed before him the daintiest fare his cottage afforded. He waited upon him himself with the greatest assi-

duity, nor left him till he saw him stretched upon the humble couch where he was to remain till morning; then, without loss of time, he hastened to the spot where lay encamped his splendid retinue, and all his valuable possessions.—He immediately called together all his attendants, and exerting his new authority, he commanded them to set about, with the utmost expedition, to dig a PIT: this work he ordered them to continue all night long; and so intent was he on the completion, that he not only superintended, but himself assisted in their labours. The night was half spent, and they had dug to a very considerable depth, when he called out to them to cease, and employ themselves in another way.—'Bring, (said he), to the brink of this pit, the chests of gold and silver, and the vase of jewels, belonging to your lord and master. The attend-

ants hesitated to comply with this extraordinary command; but upon the Shepherd's repeating it, they recollected they had no right to do so, but were bound to implicit obedience; they therefore brought with all speed the valuable possessions, together with the keys that secured them, and awaited the further orders of the Shepherd; who no sooner saw them in his power, than grasping first the vase of jewels, and lifting it in his arms, he precipitated it down to the very bottom of the pit.

The surrounding attendants uttered a cry of astonishment, and looked with horror upon the Shepherd, as the betrayer of their master. But he speedily interrupted them, by ordering them to proceed with all dispatch, and throw in all the earth they had been so diligent in digging up. They all returned to their work, and in a short time the precious vase was com-

pletely buried in the ground. When the pit was about half filled up, the Shepherd, unlocking the chest of gold, took out the valuable ornaments it contained, and as the labourers continued to throw in earth, he threw in occasionally, one by one, the goblets, the caskets, the vases, and at last the chest itself. Soon after this was done, he proceeded to open the silver chest, which he disposed of in the same manner, throwing in the chest, and all it contained, save one goblet, which he held in his hand. The well was by this time nearly filled, and as soon as it was quite so, and the ground levelled, he threw this last remaining goblet carelessly on the top, and ordered it to be left there. 'And now, (said he,) 'I see the morning dawn, and must hasten to give you my last command; hasten then to quit this island with all possible speed; embark yourselves,

your tents, and every remaining possession of your master's; let not a single trace be left; the wind is favourable, set sail without delay, before the sun is risen: I *charge* you to be gone.' The Steward, who was the chief of the attendants, now began to remonstrate, and to say, that rather than leave his master without again beholding him, he would break through the commands he had last received from him, and resist the unwarrantable orders of the Shepherd. Hearing this, the Shepherd took him aside, and having spent a few minutes in private conversation with him, the Steward returned, and telling his companions he was now perfectly convinced of the propriety of their departure, desired them to make immediate preparations for it; and ere the sun arose, the vessels that brought the Nobleman to the island, were quickly sailing from

it, bearing every individual of his retinue, and leaving him all unconscious, asleep in the Shepherd's hut. He had passed an uneasy night, his slumbers were disturbed and restless, and as soon as the Shepherd entered the cottage he awoke, and impatiently prepared to quit it. The Shepherd allowed him to depart, and quietly returned to the care of his flock. The astonishment, the rage, the despair of the Nobleman, on discovering the treachery of the Shepherd, are not to be described; he looked around the spot where lately had stood his tents, his followers, his treasures, and saw only a barren field. He turned his eyes towards the sea, and beheld his vessels in full sail. He called aloud, he waved his hands, and tossed his arms distractedly, in order to induce them to return, but all in vain; his signals were unperceived or unheeded, and the little fleet pursued

their destined course. The Nobleman turned from the horrid sight, intending to go and seize upon the person of the perfidious Shepherd. But, overcome with the misery of his situation, he fell upon the ground in a state of insensibility. When he recovered, he found himself again in the Shepherd's cottage, who was attending him with the utmost care, and using every effort to restore him. He saw two other peasants, who seemed to be watching him with anxiety. 'See,' said one of them, 'he is coming to life again.' 'How wonderful!' said another; 'what marvellous skill! He was a dead man, sure enough, when we picked him up, but I knew if we could get him to the wise Shepherd, he would soon charm the life into him.' 'Where did you find him?' said the Shepherd. '*Villain!*' cried the Nobleman. The Peasants started at the

sound of his voice. 'Poor man,' said they; 'he has found his tongue, but not his senses; he calls the man who saves his life a villain.' 'He *is* a villain, a base, a wretched villain,' returned the Nobleman; 'give me back,' cried he, seizing him with all his strength, 'give me back the possessions of which you have robbed me; restore me my numerous attendants, fetch back my *gold*, my *silver*, my *jewels*, my *tents*, my *carriages*, my *retinue*, or dread the punishment of thy crimes.' 'Poor wretch, he is quite mad,' said they. 'We must keep him quiet,' said the Shepherd, with the tone of compassion, 'for you see he is exhausted with the exertion only of speaking.' This was indeed the case, and the Shepherd hastened to administer a composing draught, and then with the gentlest care he laid the poor Nobleman on the best couch his

cottage afforded. Here, in a state of the most gloomy despondency, he lay for several days, seemingly unconscious of all that was passing around him. At length, his health being in a degree improved by the skill and attention of the Shepherd, he arose from his bed, and took a solitary stroll towards the sea-shore, with the faint hope of seeing some vessel by which he might obtain a release from his present miserable condition. He looked, however, in vain, and returned disappointed to the hut. Unwilling to resign a hope, which seemed to be the only one that remained to him, he repaired each day to the sea-shore, and remained wandering about as long as his strength would permit him. One day as he was as usual returning from his solitary search, his eye was attracted by the sight of something glittering on the ground, and clearing it from the rubbish

that surrounded it, perceived with surprize that it was one of his own magnificent silver goblets. Delighted at the discovery, he turned his eyes on every side, in hopes of perceiving some other parts of his lost treasure; nothing further however appeared, and he was entirely at a loss to account for this single piece of silver being suffered to lie upon the *earth.* At last it occurred to him, that it was probable the treacherous Shepherd might have secreted the treasures he had so ardently coveted, and that if he could examine the ground, he might discover their hiding place. Looking anxiously around him, he saw a spade and a pick-axe lying close to the spot where he had found the goblet. He immediately went to work with all the little strength he was master of, and exerting himself to the utmost, he dug for a short space of time; but, unused to the

smallest fatigue, he was soon overcome with the toil, and was on the point of throwing aside the tools in despair, when he thought he felt his spade strike against something hard. This encouraged him to make another effort, and in a few moments he clearly ascertained that it was in reality nothing less than his *silver chest*. Overjoyed at the discovery, he would now have proceeded with his work, but, alas! his strength was quite exhausted, and his trembling limbs could hardly support him from sinking to the earth. He was fully convinced, however, that he had now discovered the place that contained those riches of which he thought himself for ever deprived. Could he but get them once more into his possession, he had no doubt of being able by their means to effect his escape from the island; but how was this to be done! He had now

no one whom he could command, and was himself too feeble for such a laborious task. All the little strength, however, that he *did* possess he determined to devote to this purpose, and animated with renewed hope, though worn out with fatigue of body, he returned to the cabin and laid himself down to rest.

His sleep this night was sound and undisturbed; visions of returning happiness presented themselves to his fancy: he awoke in the morning refreshed and invigorated, and returned with new ardor to his work. Full of hope and expectation, he exerted himself to the utmost, and before the day was over had made some progress, and cleared away part of the earth wherein the chest was buried; but it was not till after many days' labour (during which time the united effects of exercise, temperate meals, and

early hours, had materially added to his health and strength) that he was enabled to effect his purpose. After repeated trials however he at last succeeded, and in an extacy of delight he dragged forth his magnificent silver chest from the ground. Fully convinced that he had now discovered the wicked schemes of the Shepherd, and delighted to think that by *perseverance* he should probably recover the whole of his lost property, he *determined* to devote all his time to this *one* object, and being for the present overpowered with fatigue, he resolved to return with the first dawn of morning to his work. Before he returned homewards for the night, however, he took infinite pains to conceal his new found treasure, by covering it with branches of trees, dreading nothing so much as the Shepherd's discovery of his plan; of

which he doubted not his own destruction would be the consequence.

A large part of each day was now cheerfully spent by the Nobleman in *active exercise* in the *open air*. He was no longer a desponding languid being without interest or pursuit; he had a powerful motive for exertion; something to hope, something to look forward to: his health returned, his strength improved. The humble fare, from which he had so lately turned with disgust, now satisfied the keenness of his appetite, and on his humble couch he passed the night in sleep the soundest and most refreshing. Wishing, as much as possible, to escape the observation of the Shepherd, he spent no more time in his society than he could possibly avoid; and indeed the poor man seemed well content to

leave him to himself, being fully taken up with his own affairs. He appeared to take no further notice of his guest than the laws of hospitality commanded. Often, indeed, when the Nobleman beheld him administering to the diseases of his neighbours, and upon all occasions indefatigable in the cause of humanity, he would reflect with astonishment on the strangeness and inconsistency of his character. In this conduct towards himself he had been an artful designing villain, capable of planning and executing the ruin of a man who had in no way provoked or injured him, but who had entrusted himself to his care. To others, seemingly to *all* others, he was the minister of health, of ease, and comfort. His dwelling was constantly resorted to by the sick and wretched, whom he detained under his roof till by his skill they were restored to health and ease

On such occasions the Nobleman, who had now known what it was to suffer, and "from his own had learnt to melt at others woe," would secretly bestow a small portion of his recovered riches on those whose poverty excited his compassion; and in their ardent prayers and thanks experienced a joy and satisfaction, of which he had before had no idea. In this manner time passed rapidly away. By the most regular and unceasing labour he had dug up from the ground the whole of his lost treasures, save only his casket of jewels. For days and days he still laboured unrewarded, still however he persevered, amusing himself with the hope that he should at last obtain his desire, and in the mean time forming plans for his escape, which he had no doubt he should be able to effect when possessed of such consequence as his riches would give him. Oftentimes would he

cast a longing melancholy look towards the sea, where sometimes a distant sail was discovered. 'Alas!' would he exclaim, 'may but the winds conduct thee hither! could I but see those vessels that bore me to this fatal island! could I but once more return to my native country! never again would I be tempted to quit it, or trust my peace and happiness to a stranger.' Still however was he doomed to continue his solitary labours, when having now for several weeks continued to dig still deeper into the ground, without discovering his casket, he set out one morning, determined, that if his toil that day should prove equally unsuccessful he would abandon the hope altogether. But before he let himself down by the rope ladder which he had contrived for the purpose, he looked as usual towards the sea, and discerned at a distance several specks, which seemed

like the distant sails of shpis, but which the mist of the morning (for the sun was scarcely risen) rendered very indistinct. With a hopeless sigh he turned aside his longing eyes, and descending into the earth, began his work. In the mean time the vessels, which were in fact no others than the very same that the Nobleman so earnestly longed to see, were wafted by a favourable breeze with rapidity towards the island. Impatient to know the fate of their beloved master, though scarcely hoping to find him alive, the attendants hastened to land, and brought on shore with them the litter on which he had before reclined, and all the same preparations for his accommodation that had attended him on his arrival. The shades of evening were drawing on by the time they had disembarked. As soon, however, as the tents were pitched, the camels unloaded,

and the provisions secured, they proceeded to the Shepherd's hut. But the Shepherd was penning his fold, and they found his habitation deserted. They saw however the magnificent robes with which their master was clothed when last they beheld him, lying torn and disfigured on the floor. Feeling their apprehensions for his safety increase, they determined to proceed in search of him, and going first to the spot where in so unaccountable a manner they had passed the last night of their stay in the island, they approached the brink of the pit where the treasures of their master were deposited; when suddenly a man leaped from the earth, exclaiming with the most enthusiastic delight, "*I have found it! I have found it!*" He wore the dress of a peasant; in one hand he carried a pick-axe and shovel, and in the other the well-remem-

bered casket of jewels. His form was robust and muscular, his countenance glowed with health, and his eye sparkled with animation and delight. Could this be their master, thus altered, thus habited, thus employed? Could even his own friends and attendants recognise the man who a few months before they had seen bowed to the earth with languor and infirmity? Impossible! Concluding he was some accomplice who shared with the Shepherd in his wicked plunder, and determined not to suffer him to escape, they were going to seize him, when staring with wild amazement and surprize, he dropped from his grasp the pick-axe and the shovel, and exclaiming, 'Welcome! welcome! my dear friends!' he rushed towards them, and in the extravagance of his joy, embraced them again and again. 'Am I awake?' continued he; 'do my senses deceive me?

or is the past only a dream? Do I indeed behold again that sight for which my soul so long has pined? Am I, who believed myself a deserted friendless being, again surrounded by my own domestics? do I see my tents, my horses, my camels,' said he, looking eagerly around him, 'standing in the order that I last beheld them? Speak to me, tell me this is true, and I am the happiest of men.' His attendants, who now heard the voice, and began to retrace the well-known features of their beloved master, convinced him of the reality of the passing scene, by the ardour with which they returned his greeting. Before he would suffer however any further conversation to pass between them, he charged them without delay to seek out the author of all his sufferings; to secure the person of the Shepherd, that his treachery and crimes might meet their just reward.

Accordingly, a party well armed set out for this purpose, and returned in a short space of time, accompanied by the poor Shepherd, who without any seeming reluctance, and with an air the most composed and undaunted, walked beside them. "Now," said the Merchant, with a smile of exultation, "now is thy career of wickedness at an end; and I have the satisfaction of seeing in my power, that being who, whilst I was in *his*, employed it to reduce me to the lowest depth of despair. What punishment," said he, addressing himself to the Shepherd, "what punishment dost thou expect I shall inflict on thee?" "I cannot answer thee," returned the Shepherd, "till thou hast informed me of what crime I am accused." "Of treachery, the basest treachery," said the Nobleman. "Sir," said the Shepherd, "thou *gavest* me authority over thy servants."—

"And thou didst use it," retorted the Nobleman, "to compel them to desert me." "I used no compulsion," returned the Shepherd; "thy Steward readily consented to leave thee, and persuaded the rest to do so." "Master," exclaimed the Steward, "when I hesitated to obey him, he spoke to me in confidence, and told me if I did wish thee well, I should immediately depart into a distant country, where grew a tree, the leaves of which are powerful specifics in a case like thine; that I must take with me the whole of thy retinue, for that, as the country was inhabited by savages, I should require their protection to insure my success. He then gave me a map, that was to direct my course; and promising that on my return, which he said would take place at the end of some months, I should be rewarded with the sight of thy returning health and

strength. I agreed to set out immediately, receiving from him repeated promises, that he would in the mean time protect and guard you with the utmost care. Before I departed he placed in my hands a small packet which he said would be of use to me, but which I was not to open till I arrived in the country. At the end of a tedious voyage of three months, we landed on the shore he had described, and began to search for this health-bestowing tree. After the most diligent search, however, being unable to discern it, I recollected my packet. I opened it, and found it to contain only an order for our immediate return. Concluding, by this, the whole scheme to have been a mere contrivance to send us out of the way, we now bitterly repented, having been persuaded to leave you, and determined with all speed to return." "Allow me," (said the Shepherd, address-

ing himself to the Nobleman,) " to speak. Sir," said he, " thou camest to me a wretched miserable being, worn with infirmity and disease, possessing immense riches, but dead to enjoyment, either of mind or body; I beheld, I pitied, and resolved to spare no pains in order to relieve thee. I saw that *thine* was no common case; and that the simple remedies I possest, would be to thee of no avail. I saw that it would be necessary to deprive thee of thy wealth and thy attendants, before I could hope to produce the desired effects. For this purpose, I buried thy riches, and devised a scheme, which should employ thy followers for the time, which I hoped would be sufficient for thy cure to be performed in, promising them at their return the sight of thy recovery. My plan was a desperate one, but I determined to pursue it with vigour; I have

patiently submitted to all the undeserved abuse thy anger prompted. Thou hast dwelt in my cottage, fed at my board, slept on my couch, and shared the best of every thing I had. Though seeming to take no heed of thee, thou hast been my constant care, by night and by day. With delight have I observed thee promoting the execution of my design, by labouring for the recovery of thy treasure, and carefully have I guarded that which thou didst suppose concealed from all but thyself. At length my labours being crowned with success, beholding the promise I had made to thee faithfully fulfilled, having restored health to thy body, and vigour to thy mind; and, having taught thee to know the delights of benevolence, and the true value of riches; I behold with satisfaction the arrival of thy followers, and anticipate with pleasure thy joyful return to the

country thou so long hast quitted. Such has been my conduct; my punishment I leave to your decision." "Oh! wonderful and excellent man!" exclaimed the Nobleman; "I perceive the extent of thy goodness, and am overwhelmed with the sense of my own ingratitude. Hitherto my life has been spent in the abuse of those gifts which fortune has bestowed upon me, but by thy friendly aid, oh! kind physician! both of my soul and body, my eyes are opened, and I perceive at the same moment my own errors and thy wisdom. But henceforward it shall be my own study to make up for the time I have lost. Yes, my best friend, the life thou hast saved, shall be devoted to the exercise of virtue; the health, the vigour, that thou hast bestowed, shall be employed in the service of mankind. But what reward shall I offer *thee* for the unparalleled benefits

I have received? Speak," said he, raising from the ground the casket of jewels; "is there a wish in thy bosom that riches can gratify, for riches are at thy command; and these I proffer thee, though but an inadequate return for all your better gifts to me." "Sir," said the Shepherd, "I have no need of wealth, and would not trust myself to the danger which I see attend it. Keep, therefore, thy riches, and employ them in the pursuit of that excellent plan of life which thou hast just laid down. Amply am I rewarded by having succeeded in thy restoration." It was in vain that the Nobleman urged his compliance; the Shepherd remained firm in his refusal; he would not accept the smallest part of his riches. At length, the Nobleman requested that he would allow him to leave in his trust the chest of gold, to be distributed by his judgment, as occasion might offer, for the

benefit of the neighbouring poor. To this proposal the Shepherd readily agreed, and it was conveyed to his dwelling. With the warmest protestation of regard and gratitude the Nobleman took leave of the Shepherd, and as soon as the necessary preparations were made, and every thing was in readiness for his departure, he bade adieu for ever to the island. The Shepherd, who walked with him to the beach, and saw him leap with activity on board that vessel from which he had been on his arrival with such difficulty supported, shed a tear of honest delight; and putting up a prayer to heaven for his future welfare, returned once more to the uninterrupted enjoyment of his peaceful dwelling.

YOUTH AND AGE.

AN ALLEGORY.

When first my feet essay'd to climb
Life's steep and slippery height,
Upon whose summit rose sublime
Th' abode of peace and pure delight,

Youth then vouchsafed to be my guide,
And, ever cheerful, ever gay,
She journey'd onward by my side,
Companion of my early way.

Her form was light, her eyes were fair,
  Her waist a dewy garland bound,
Wild flow'rets graced her flowing hair,
  And roseate wreaths her temples crown'd.

Upon her fresh and blooming face
  Sweet smiles and laughing dimples play'd,
Whilst lively mirth, with artless grace,
  O'er all her form and features stray'd.

Gay prospects to mine eye she shew'd,
  Alas! to cheat my raptured sight,
And dreams of visionary good
  Still gave my fancy new delight;

For, as each airy phantom past,
  And slowly faded from my view,
Another, brighter than the last,
  Her prompt and ready pencil drew.

Thus happy, 'neath her gentle care,
  And following where she taught to stray,
I climb'd the hill, devoid of care,
  And journey'd on my destin'd way.

When lo, a darkly gathering storm
  Obscured the day which shone so bright,
And in the midst a distant form
  Appear'd before my wondering sight.

Led by the steady hand of Time,
Onward with even pace he came;
His hollow eye, upraised sublime,
Bespoke Old Age his awful name.

At his approach the ruddy cheek
Of Youth, by sad degrees, grew pale,
With terror struck, her limbs grew weak,
Her voice and speech began to fail.

On me she sadly smiled, "Adieu!
For evermore adieu!" she said;
Then turn'd, and, fading from my view,
For ever from my presence fled.

"Ah whither dost thou fly," I cried,
"Oh listen to thy vot'ry's pray'r;
Oh thou, of late my friend, my guide,
Say, canst thou leave me to despair?

"Fondly I hoped thy constant smile,
Which kindly sweeten'd all the past,
Life's latest hour would still beguile,
Support and cheer me at the last.

"Then leave me not!"—I scarce had spoke,
When terror seiz'd my trembling frame,
All strength my feeble limbs forsook,
For near, more near, the spectre came.

"Fear not," a gentle voice replied,
Of look composed and graceful air,
A form benign stood by my side,
Than age less grim, than youth less fair.

"Fear not," in softest tone she said,
"Let no vain terrors yield alarm,
For, though in hideous garb array'd,
No power has Age to do thee harm.

"Though no delight his form can lend,
Depictured by the hand of Truth,
Still Age shall prove a truer friend
Than late thy gay companion, Youth.

" No dreams delusive he shall shew,
Th' enraptured fancy to enchain,
Which bid thy mind with hope to glow,
Then teach thee, that those hopes are vain.

" But holy joys, eternal, sure,
'Tis Age shall teach thy soul to prize,
Which Virtue can alone secure,
And fleeting Time shall realize.

" 'Tis true the varied landscape now
In summer beauty shines no more,
And no bright tints with magic hue
Its faded lustre shall restore;

"Where all was peaceful, calm, and still,
And smiling Nature bloom'd of late,
The wintry wind blows loud and shrill,
And all is drear and desolate;

"Yet Hope the onward path shall trace,
Religion thy support shall be,
And Time, with swift and steady pace,
Shall lead to blest Eternity.

"Then follow me, and courage take,
Let wisdom all thy thoughts engage;
Let every fear thy mind forsake,
And I will lead thy steps to Age."

Encourag'd thus, I fearless went,
  By Wisdom and Experience taught,
My wishes sunk in sweet content,
  My reason calm'd by sober thought;

Whilst Memory waked a pleasing strain,
  Awhile past pleasure to restore,
And bade in fancy bloom again
  Joys which in truth might bloom no more.

At length, to wintry Age consign'd,
  The awful spectre met my view,
And with a firm and steady mind
  I bade my latent friend adieu.

My vain alarm and terror flown,

The hand of Age I seiz'd and prest;

With steady step he led me on

To joy, eternal peace, and rest.

EGLANTINE'S DREAM.

It was on the last evening of the old year, after a day spent in a variety of amusements in honour of the approaching new one, in dancing, in feasting, in gambols of all kinds, that Eglantine (fatigued with the pleasures of the day) retired to rest. When she laid her head upon her pillow, she did not this night as usual drop immediately to sleep; all the occurrences of the day passed over again in her imagination: groups of dancing figures floated before her eyes; she still heard the merry voices of her companions, and the sound of the music (to which they had been dancing) still rang in her ears. For

a long time her fancy wandered about, flying from one subject to another, without resting a moment on any one, as a butterfly flutters among the flowers of the garden. At last her thoughts began to assume by degrees a more serious turn, and (like the wiser bee, who settles long enough to extract the honey from the sweetest plants) to fix on one subject, till by reflection she had drawn from it some moral to the heart.

But Eglantine was too young to think always rightly, whether in a lively or a serious mood. Let us see how she became wiser.

"So, I am now just entering upon a new year," said she to herself. "Well, I am happy in being able to think that I have well employed the one that is past: how I pity those who have to look back upon an unprofitable year of idleness, whilst

I have spent my time in so laudable a manner: let me see: I will consider all that I have done. I have read a great deal more than many of my companions; I have improved my mind in various ways; I have advanced in every accomplishment; I can sing, I can play, and draw, and dance a thousand times as well as I could last year; and then, what numbers of pretty things I have made for presents for my friends, and how many clothes I have made for the poor children in the village! O, I certainly have spent my year to great advantage, though I am only fourteen next birth-day, and many people cannot say as much perhaps who are twice my age." With these, and other reflections equally soothing to her vanity, Eglantine sank to sleep. Suddenly she found herself seated in the most beautiful arbour, where roses and lilies seemed to blend their sweets;

the fairest flowers of the field bloomed spontaneously around, the hills were crown'd with woods, and rivers meandered through the meadows that seemed covered with eternal verdure; the grotto was shaded by the most luxuriant trees, and nightingales poured forth their melodious strains from the branches; a fountain played at her feet, and the gentlest zephyrs perfumed with sweets fanned her hair. Recovering from the first surprise, Eglantine looked around to discover where she was. 'Surely,' said she, 'this is enchantment! I never yet beheld such a prospect, such flowers, nor heard such sounds, nor breathed such sweetness. Where can I be? transported into fairy land? Then why do I not behold some of those aërial beings who inhabit this paradise? where can be the happy possessor of this delightful grotto?'

She had scarcely spoken, when she perceived it

to become irradiated with an unusual gleam of light; a splendour so brilliant as almost to dazzle her eyes, and a moment after, a female figure appeared at the entrance. Her form and countenance were celestial, her flowing robe was of the purest white. 'My dear child,' said she, 'in me behold a friend disposed to do you service; my name is Truth. You must expect from me no soothing flattery; nay more, you will hear from me many disagreeable facts, but at the same time you must remember, that on my promises *you may depend.* I read the thoughts that passed in your mind last night, and determined upon transporting you for a while to this my dwelling, in order to convince you of the error into which you have been led by vanity and *self-conceit*; they have shewn you the year that has just past over your head, decked with every pleasing

recollection; they have emblazoned every merit, and covered every fault till your eyes are dazzled and your head is giddy; but follow me, and be wise." Half mortified, and half afraid, Eglantine arose and followed her conductress to an interior part of the grotto; when, to her great surprise, she found that she had a bandage over her eyes, of which she could in no way disencumber herself, but which till now she had never perceived. She stood astonished and confounded, till, with an air of kindness and compassion, fair Truth removed it from her eyes, and she beheld the most magnificent apartment, the further end of which opened upon a verdant lawn bounded by the most lovely and luxuriant prospect; from a little distance Eglantine perceived a crowd of beautiful females advancing towards her. 'These,' said Truth, 'are the past

hours of the last year. By Memory's power and my assistance behold them pass before you: they bear in their left hands the use to which you actually did apply them during their sojourn with you, and in their right hands they carry what you *might have done.*' Poor Eglantine's self-approbation was now diminished more and more at every view, for as the hours passed on the comparison was sadly mortifying. Some she saw bearing in their right hands invaluable treasures acquired by application and perseverance; some were richly laden with acts of piety, with deeds of charity; others shewed accounts of difficulties surmounted, of habits conquered, of good performed, of duty done. Some she observed who carried useful information; lessons on various subjects; history, geography, astronomy, writings, drawings, useful and ornamental

works: when turning her eyes towards their left hands she perceived them for the most part to be but ill supplied; some presented to her view an idle unprofitable book, some a few unfinished lines, now and then a few pages of history, sometimes a dance, and then a song, with here and there perhaps a good intention checked by carelessness, and a well-formed purpose crushed by opposing temptation; and sometimes, many times, alas! whilst one hand was loaded with treasure, the other was completely empty.

Abashed and humbled, Eglantine hid her face with her hands and burst into tears. With looks of the tenderest affection, her fair instructress soothed and encouraged her; in the mildest accents she bade her be comforted. 'My child,' said she, 'do not suffer the review of those precious hours you have

lost to overwhelm you with grief, nor waste that time in idle regret which may be employed in fixing an important truth upon your mind. Hours, days, and years, are still before you; redeem the time you have lost; look to the past, not for the purpose of gratifying your vanity, by dwelling upon your merits, but by carefully observing your *errors*, study to improve the future.' Eglantine was cheered and animated; she raised her eyes, and beheld Truth, with a radiant smile upon her countenance, leading towards her the youngest of the female group. 'Behold,' said she, 'this is the *present hour*. She presents you with a gem of inestimable value—a *lesson* of *humility*; wear it for ever next your heart. Be wise and happy.'

TWO GOBLETS.

I AM an oddish sort of an old woman, who have passed the chief part of my life in superintending the education of children: I have in my possession two golden goblets—the one contains a very bitter mixture extremely disagreeable to the taste; the other overflows with a liquor more delicious than nectar, sweeter than honey in the honey-comb. I am at liberty to bestow the contents of these goblets upon whomsoever I chuse, and without in any way impoverishing myself, for as fast as I empty them they fill again; but I am a strange old woman, and I never bestow a large quantity of this my precious liquor upon those I love the best; on the contrary, I am very chary of

it, and give them a few drops very cautiously when they have earned it by striving hard to please me. Nor do I hesitate to give them freely of the bitter draught, although it is grievous to them to swallow it; and though, instead of making me any kind return, they often repay me with angry words, and deprive me of their love and regard. This conduct of mine would seem very strange, but that it is accounted for by my knowledge of the different EFFECTS produced by these two liquids. By my perceiving a copious draught of the one to intoxicate the brain, and produce a certain sort of blindness which occasions poor mortals to make the most ludicrous mistakes; for instance, some to whom it has been improperly administered have fancied that they have possessed all sorts of embellishments and grace of which they were utterly *destitute*; I have

seen Deformity assuming the airs of beauty; I have seen the lame man strut, and heard the blind rave of the beauties of a prospect; the ignorant boast of their learning, and the fool exult in his wisdom: whilst, on the other hand, a wholesome and timely dose from my other goblet, administered with soothing gentleness and reluctance, has arrested the progress of error, checked the growth of deceitful vanity, cleared the judgment, enlarged the mind, and fixed the character. *Then*, and *then* only, have I with delight presented the goblet of delicious nectar, for then have I perceived it to animate and exhilarate the soul; to cherish every noble feeling, and to encourage every good intention. And I must confess, that when *thus*, with a safe conscience, I can bestow this exhilarating draught, as a reward not for *genius*, for *beauty*, or for *talent*, but

for pure and genuine *goodness,* it is the greatest delight I am capable of enjoying. But as I never indulge myself in any less scrupulous distribution of it, I am upon the whole but a sorry favourite with the world; for rarely does it happen that the bitter is received as a *good,* or the sweet avoided as a danger, as few are wise enough to believe that *reproof* can be the language of a *friend,* or *praise* the gift of an *enemy.*

PEN, INK, AND PAPER.

A FABLE.

The brothers Pen, Ink, and Paper, were one day disputing which of the three was most useful to mankind. The contest grew warm, and, as neither would yield his claim to superiority, they at length agreed to abide by the decision of Knowledge, their mother; for this purpose they presented themselves before her, and urged with vehemence their respective merits. 'My children,' said she, 'your disputes fill me with concern and alarm; listen to me, and judge with how much cause. Being once in a deep decline, and reduced to such a state of extreme debi-

lity that my very existence seemed to be in imminent danger, I applied for assistance to Invention, a powerful fairy, to whom mankind are chiefly indebted for the comforts that sweeten, and the refinements that embellish life; by whose aid they were first raised from a state of barbarism, and have been gradually improving in the knowledge of those arts which tend to enlighten society. This fairy willingly promised to use her utmost power in defence of a life so valuable, and predicted that I should be the mother of three sons, whose united endeavours should restore me to health, and preserve me ever in unfading bloom and vigour. 'Your sons,' said the fairy, 'will possess an equality of merit so remarkable, that no one will ever be of the smallest use, by single or divided efforts: the most strenuous attempts of either, unaided by the rest, will never be able to produce any

good effects; but while harmony subsists between them, and they maintain a strict union, their exertions will support *you*, and advance the interest of mankind. Be it your care, therefore, to instil into the minds of your children the duty of brotherly love and amity; and guard against *discord*, that foe to peace, whose entrance is fatal in every family, but will be as the stroke of death in yours.' Judge then, my sons, with what dread I behold your present animosity. Hitherto by your joint assistance my interests have been advanced, and my name widely diffused through every corner of the world. It is owing to your assiduities that nations, before dark and uninstructed, have been enlightened by my cheering beams; ye have enabled them to preserve, pure and uncorrupted, the traditions they received from their ancestors, and to transmit to posterity the re-

cords with which my beneficence originally supplied them.—Without your aid, my blessings are but fleeting and airy, and incapable of making any lasting impression; the end of your being was to render them stable and permanent; to diffuse my gifts more extensively and impartially over the face of the earth, to render them immortal as myself, unbounded either by time or space; that the inhabitants of the east might by this means be able to hold an intercourse with those of the other quarters of the globe; the fond lover be able to convey his sighs to his faithful mistress, and disclose the inmost recesses of his heart, though separated from her by distant countries, or the boisterous fury of the ocean. The tender parent, though no longer able to watch the actions of a beloved child, by your assistance might still continue those precepts, by which the mind is

formed to virtue; a being of the present century be able to converse familiarly with those who lived many thousand years before him, and by observing their actions, and considering the consequences of them, regulate his own judgment, and form wiser measures for the future.—These are the invaluable blessings, my children, which by our steady co-operation we have hitherto been able to impart; but, alas! by your dissensions to what a wretched state will you reduce the author of your being! I clearly foresee ye will in a short time be the cause of my death, unless ye will immediately determine to be reconciled to each other, and endeavour, by exertions still more strenuous than ever, to revive your otherwise expiring parent: convinced of the equality of your merits, lay aside useless competition, and once again espouse my cause: thus protected by her sons, shall your pa-

rent live in eternal youth and vigour : unimpaired by age, and never subject to decay, shall we together shower down continual blessings on mankind, to their benefit, and our lasting glory.'

Pen, Ink, and Paper, (says the fable) moved at length by these entreaties, instantly embraced each other, and from that moment living together in the strictest amity and friendship, produced the happy effects which Knowledge had predicted would be the consequence of their reconciliation.

Let children (and all young persons) deeply reflect on the lesson to be drawn from this narrative, and learn to live together in such close bonds of love and friendship, that their united endeavours may comfort and support their parents, and afford mutual advantage to each other.

THE MONTHS.

Again 'woke the lovely new year,
I, Nature, to honour her birth,
In turn bade the Months to appear,
And sent them with gifts to the *Earth.*

But willing by gentle degrees
Her children my sweets should present,
As so haply they better might please,
With her first-born no treasure I sent.

But I bade the disconsolate maid
  To tell of rich bounty in store,
And Janu'ry, whilst she obey'd,
  Seem'd to weep that she might not do more.

Then Febru'ry next I ordain'd
  Should the theme of sweet promise renew;
She a cluster of snow-drops obtain'd,
  As a pledge that my promise was true.

Nor joyless did March then appear,
  For she oft would repeat the fond tale,
And as token, she offer'd with fear
  The vi'let and primrose so pale.

For April (all varying maid)
  High swelling with hopes and with fears,
She smiled, as to Earth she conveyed
  A garland still wet with her tears.

"And go, then," I said, "sweetest May,"
  Thou the loveliest child of the morn,
Go, deck'd in thy fairest array,
  And thy parent assist to adorn.

"Go, deck her with buds that, just peeping,
  Speak blossom of various hue,
The leaves in ambrosia steeping,
  Till brightly they glitter with dew.

Her beauties all perfect, mature,
  Now June her beneficence shed;
On Earth's bosom, all lovely and pure,
  A robe of green velvet she spread.

Then followed her sister July,
  With form ever active and young;
While lightning shone forth from her eye,
  And rapture still dwelt on her tongue.

As if all in haste to escape,
  To Earth with impatience she flew;
And poured o'er her mother's green lap
  Sweets of every climate and hue.

Mild August with soberer pace,
But with treasure unequall'd the while,
Went after with matronly grace,
And proffer'd her gifts with a smile.

With corn and with fruits richly stored
Her horn of rich plenty o'erflowed,
On Earth she abundantly poured
All the treasure Pomona bestowed.

Next September obedient consigned
Whate'er August had failed to bring forth,
With the others she meekly combined
T' enrich and enliven the *Earth*.

Who methought appeared gaudy and vain
All deck'd in her splendid array;
And October I sent with disdain
To steal half her honours away.

I sent her with blessings no more,
But with tints of a various dye,
To paint what was verdant before
With colour all dead and gone by.

And yet, not content with the theft,
To November my mandate was stern;
Till Earth of all beauty was reft
I with rigour forbad her return.

She went with a tear and a frown,
  And hurled the dead leaf from the bough;
She threw the bud withering down,
  And laid the sweet floweret low.

She went with a merciless air,
  And shook the gay branch from the tree;
The stem she left wither'd and bare,
  Nor grieved its condition to see.

How quickly she tainted the gale
  As she sent forth her pestilent breath;
Her approach bade the rose to turn pale,
  Her presence consign'd it to death.

Thus the Earth, all bereft and forlorn,
I look'd on her desolate woe;
And to shield her from pitiless scorn,
I sent her a mantle of snow.

And December I bade to convey
The gift sad affliction had won;
I bade her to hasten away,
And put the warm covering on.

When Earth in this garb was arrayed,
So modest, and sad, was her look;
So resembling an innocent maid,
That resentment my bosom forsook;

And I promised (her penance when o'er)
She at last should my favour regain;
I would all her past beauty restore,
And give back her splendour again.

TO THE TULIP.

PRETTY painted gaudy flower,
Fairest of the Garden *Bow'r*,
Bask thee in the sunny ray,
And bloom thy little life away;
Yet boast not, silly idle flow'r,
If that these glories of an hour
Are all that thou canst call thine own;
For soon, thy useless beauty flown,
And all thy splendid colours gone,
What will it boot thee, gaudy flow'r,
That thou wert *fairest of the Bow'r?*

TO THE ROSE.

How long I watched thee, blushing Rose,
Whilst cradled in the bud you lay,
Hoping to see thy sweets disclose,
Attendant at the call of May.

Yet would'st thou not unfold thy sweets so soon,
For ah! thou better loved'st the fragrant lap of June.

TO THE VIOLET.

Sweet, modest Flow'r, that think'st to hide,
Midst verdant leaves, thy blooming pride,
And in a leafy bow'r below
Had hop'd to rest securely,—know,
The fragrance, that thy sweets dispense,
Proves foe unto thine innocence:
It loves to breathe thy secret tale
To every idly passing gale,
Repeats it as, with curious eye,
The trav'ller gaily passes by;

To me it did thy secret tell,

And brought me to thy hidden cell.

Then oh forgive the hand so rude

That bore thee, from thy solitude,

Where, midst thy downy leaves of green,

Thou still had'st hop'd to live *unseen*.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

FRESH as the morning air that blows,
Yet pale as evening's latest close,
Loveliest Primrose, hither come,
And deck my garden with thy bloom.
Gladly I see thy leaves appear,
And their fair heads thy flow'rets rear;
They speak the gloom of winter o'er,
Fair signal, that he reigns no more,
And that the Spring, with all her train,
Revisits once again the plain.

TO THE GERANIUM.

WHERE Roses pink, and Violets blue,
And flowers of every form and hue,
Their various charms display;
Thy beauteous leaves attract the sight,
Of variegated green and white,
And crimson flow'rets gay.

But when sweet summer days are past,
And winter's reign, approaching fast,
Bids every flow'ret fade;

To save thy frail and fading bloom,
I'll take thee to my peaceful home,
Where no rude storms invade.

And *there* in gratitude shall blow
Thy blossoms with a lovelier glow,
Secure from wind and rain;
Till Spring, returning, shews her face,
And calls thy beauties forth, to grace
The garden once again.

AN

EVENING HYMN.

THE sun is set, the day is gone,
  The light fades fast away;
Again, Almighty God, look down,
  And hearken, while I pray.

Hush'd are the sounds of industry,
  And busy toil is o'er;
For night and darkness veil the sky,
  And man can work no more.

The sun, impatient to fulfil
The task by thee assigned,
Arose, obedient to thy will,
To cheer, and bless mankind.

The opening flow'rs, at thy command,
Did all their sweets display;
With beauty decked the smiling land,
And blossom'd through the day.

The murm'ring waters, bade to flow
By thy prevailing force,
Through all their various paths below
Have kept their destin'd course.

The storms, obedient to thy word,
  Did all thy wish fulfil;
At thy command, in thunder roar'd,
  At thy rebuke, were still.

Let *me* then, ere to sleep I yield,
  My actions all review;
And have *I* too the task fulfilled
  Thou gavest me to do?

If I've neglected aught, oh God,
  Thou ordered'st should be done;
If in those dang'rous paths I've trod
  Which Thou would'st have me shun,

Forgive me, Lord, and hear my prayer,
  Ere now mine eyes I close,
And let the thought, that thou art near
  Secure me soft repose.

So I in peace will lay me down,
  In safety close mine eyes,
And with a grateful heart will own
  Thy goodness when I rise.

MORNING AND EVENING;

OR

THE SHEPHERD'S DISPUTE.

THYRSIS.

HUSHED is the wintry gale that swelled the flood,
And stilled the roaring of the leafless wood;
The angry storms to gradual peace decay,
And winds in gentle murmurs die away.
Now to the forest, gentle shepherd, come,
The verdant plain invites our steps to roam;
Shall we in silence pass the sultry day
While all creation wakes the general lay?
Shall pensive sadness be the shepherd's choice
When Spring returning bids the Earth rejoice?—

CORYDON.

Away, I follow where thy footsteps lead,
To shady forest, or to verdant mead;
Near where yon streamlet softly murmurs by
Thyrsis shall sing, and Corydon reply.

THYRSIS.

Do thou, bright Phoebus, then my voice inspire,
And warm my bosom with the Muses' fire;
Oh teach my verse, (nor scorn a shepherd's lay,)
To sing the praises of the rising day.

CORYDON.

And thou, blest Cynthia, orbed in silver light,
Enthroned in clouds, fair empress of the night,
Oh deign thy soften'd lustre to dispense,
And shed on me thy milder influence!

With temper'd heat inspire my tongue to glow,
To Evening's gentler praise my verse shall flow.

THYRSIS.

When jocund Spring advances o'er the mead,
And sullen Winter hides his snowy head,
How lovely then, as twilight steals away,
The first faint blushes of returning day.

CORYDON.

Yet sweeter still the day's reluctant close,
When weary Nature sinks to short repose,
And Evening, all serene, her dusky wings
Extending, veils the face of things;
How pleasing then, to watch the light decay,
And by degrees the landscape fade away.

THYRSIS.

Lo, when the roseate morn appears anew,
The silver'd meadow shines with crystal dew,
And liquid pearls, aloft in beaded row,
Fann'd by cool zephyrs, tremble from the bough;
Then, bounding lightly o'er the flow'ry plain,
The shepherd pours his fleecy charge again,
The soaring linnet mounts the azure sky,
And chants his song to life and liberty,
While woods resound, and groves responsive ring
A lively welcome to returning Spring,

CORYDON.

Mine be the soothing hour, when all is still,
Save the soft musick of the babbling rill,
Or sound of shepherd's flute on distant hill.—

Then, (when our flocks, safe penn'd within the fold,
Secure from nightly wolf, or evening's cold,)
Oft let me wander o'er the village Green,
Where playful children at their sports are seen;
Or, mutely pensive, watch the evening star,
Which shines to guide the lonely traveller,
What time the matron stops her busy wheel,
Preparing then the shepherd's homely meal,
Or kindly bids the blazing faggot burn
With cheering light, to greet the swain's return—
But see, the shades of darksome night descend;
Here, with mild evening, must our converse end.
Now every star ascending decks the sky,
The sleeping Earth's bespangled canopy;
Now all the world around is still and mute,
Nor sound of distant pipe, or shepherd's flute;

The moon's slant ray upon the cottage glows,
The humble roof invites us to repose.
Till Morn and Eve their different charms renew,
Thyrsis, farewell, and all the world adieu!

JOY, SORROW, AND CONTENT.

Ah, whither shall I turn mine eye;
For some untasted good I sigh,
For life yields no variety?

As thus I mused, lone wand'ring through
Sweet groves, where fragrant zephyrs blew,
A lovely nymph I met advancing,
To sound of pipe and tabor dancing;
A viny crown adorn'd her brow,
Her features shone with rosy glow;

And now she laughed, and now she sung,
While thus her sprightly numbers rung:

"Lo, I am Joy, so shepherds tell,
"And with me, Mirth and Pleasure dwell;
"Mortal, would'st thou happy be,
"Hither come, and live with me;
"Hasten to my painted bower,
"Decked with every blooming flower:
"There the gaudy tulip blows,
"The lily, and the blushing rose;
"Around the porch the clustering vine
"Glows with the drooping eglantine;
"Each flower that sips the dew of morn
"Blooms ever there, without a thorn.

" Come, and we will pass away,
" In frolick mirth, the livelong day;
" And the night, from forrow free,
" In feasting and in revelry.
" Mortal, if dull care annoy,
" Listen to the voice of Joy—

" Come, and I will deck thy brow
" With garland sweet, of sunny glow,
" Come, I'll strew thy couch with roses,
" With eve'ry sweet the spring discloses;
" The Hours, in gentle progress, smiling,
" Pleasure every care beguiling:
" Mortal, taste, fear no alloy,
" Listen to the call of Joy."—

Thus in sprightly tone she sung,
And I the while, with falt'ring tongue,
Made answer to her jocund song—

"In vain, fair nymph, thy words allure
My footsteps to thy painted door;
Sweet are thy notes, and yet thy strain
Sounds in my list'ning ear in vain;
Nor thy soft words, nor every flower
That blossoms round thy sunny bower;
Nor e'en thyself, deceitful fair,
Can me seduce, to enter there.
Lo, within thy painted dome
Troops of grisly spectres come;
Sad Remorse, and bitter Spleen,
And dire Repentance, there are seen;

And Falsehood, with deceitful wile,
Lurks beneath thy treacherous smile;
In thy mirth, Despair I see,
In thy pleasure, Misery.—

"Then, goddess, cease—thy flatt'ring strain
Assails my listening ears in vain;
Others may thy prisoners be,
But, fickle fair one, leave to me
Reason, Conscience, Liberty."—

Onward my careless footsteps strayed,
And led me to a thicket shade,
Where trees o'ershadowing, cast such gloom
The daylight scarce could there find room;

The woven boughs had formed a bower,
That, tempest proof, defy'd the power
Of scorching sun, or wintry shower:
There on the ground, in lowly state,
Pale Sorrow, deeply musing, sat;
The tear stood trembling in her eye,
Her bosom heaved the labour'd sigh,
And oft she beat her breast, oft wrung
Her lily hands, while thus she sung:
(The stream that softly murmur'd by,
With vocal sadness, made reply:
And Philomel, the groves among,
Answer'd her with plaintive song.)

"Stranger, (she said in voice of woe)
Dost thou seek the lowly cell,

Where in deepest shades below,
  Pensive Sorrow loves to dwell;

"Then enter in, with downcast eye,
  Stranger, whosoe'er you be;
Come and heave the bitter sigh,
  "And drop the briny tear with me."

"Come, we'll tell the mournful tale,
  How shortlived man is born to die;
Come, and we will weep and wail,
  For all on earth is vanity.

"Come and take the cypress wreath,
  Lay the rosy garland by;

Count the ills of life and death,

And drop the bitter tear with me."

She ceased, and soon her mournful lay

Died on the gentle breeze away:

The tears of pity stain'd mine eye,

My bosom heaved with sympathy,

Yet thus I hasten'd to reply:

"Say, shall I throw the rose away,

And with its thorn envenomed play;

Or leave the turtle uncarest,

And clasp the serpent to my breast?

No, hapless maiden, fare thee well,

In haste I quit thy lowly cell;

I envy not thy pensive mood,

Nor love thy gloomy solitude;

Thy pois'nous breath shall taint the gale,
And bid the blushing rose turn pale:
Whoe'er may love with thee to dwell,
In haste I leave thy moss-grown cell.
Hapless maiden, fare thee well."—

But who is she, with accents sweet,
Now calls me to her blest retreat?
As Phœbus from a wintry sky,
As morning star to traveller's eye,
As the first flow'r that sweetly blows,
And blossoms forth, from winter's snows,
So to my eyes, in gaze intent,
Appears the mansion of Content.
See where she sits the matchless queen,
How mild is her unaltered mien;

How soft the lustre of her eye,
Govern'd with gentle modesty!
Where'er she treads new flow'rs arise,
And blossoms, where she turns her eyes.—

Hail, fairest nymph, thy lambent smile
Shall well repay each latent toil;
As the dark vapours break away
Before the sun's resplendent ray,
So from the radiance of thine eye,
Life's little cares and sorrows fly;
And sweet shall seem, when shared with thee,
The cup of human misery.
With thee, sweet nymph, (my wand'rings o'er)
Now let me dwell, to roam no more.

When life's uncertain date is run,

On thy soft lap I'll lay me down;

And thou, sweet nurse, with mild control,

Shalt still the tumult of my soul;

And, while each ruder sound shall cease,

Shalt bid my spirit part in peace.

SCENE I.

Represents the inside of a Cottage. A young Woman, apparently ill, is seen reclining in a chair, a little Boy by her side playing with a Goat.

CHILD.

NAY, Mother dear, now say not so,
I'm weary, and I pine to go;
In yonder mead I long to play,
I'll home return ere close of day.

MOTHER.

See, love, the tears that wet mine eye;
You urge, but I cannot comply;
For, should'st thou leave thy mother's side,
Some sad mischance might thee betide.

You're yet too young alone to go,
Ill able I to follow you;
Here rest contented then awhile,
And cheer me with thy infant smile;
And haply soon may come the day,
When with thee I may sport and play.

CHILD.

Still, mother, still I wish to go
To hedges where the flow'rets grow;
I long to climb the lofty rock,
Where happy shepherds keep their flock,
For nought I find to please me here.

MOTHER.

Yet prithee be contented, dear;
Thou art a bud too weak to bear
The nipping frost or wintry air:

A blighting dew or gale too keen
Might blast thy leaves of tender green.

CHILD.

Mother, I'm now five summers old,
I'm like a lion brave and bold.

MOTHER.

Thine age thou need'st not hasten on,
For with its cares 'twill come anon;
Thy courage makes me more to fear;
Forsake not then my tender care.

CHILD.

Well, then, I go but to yon spring,
Some water for my goat to bring.
I go his neck but to adorn
With a fresh wreath;—I'll soon return.

SCENE II.

MOTHER.

Ah me, will no one ease a mother's grief,
And is there none my wretched plight to see;
No tender heart to yield my woe relief,
No pitying hand to sooth and comfort me?

SHEPHERD.

Yes! hapless Mother, tell thy woes to one,
Who to thy plaint will lend a willing ear;
I from yon hill have heard thy piteous moan,
And left my flock thy tale of grief to hear.

MOTHER.

Shepherd, if e'er thy fleecy charge was dear,
If thou their footsteps guard'st by night and day,

Ah! pity her, whose lamb, her only care,
Has wander'd from its shepherdess away.

The unfledg'd bird has left its parent nest,
Perhaps ere now the cruel hawk is nigh;
Where shall its widow'd mother flee for rest,
For peace or comfort whither shall she fly?

Ah luckless hour! ah bitter day of woe!
How shall I learn this heaviest grief to bear?
He's gone, my darling, and I know not how;
He's gone, my infant, and I know not where.

SHEPHERD.

Yet calm thy grief, and forth with speed I'll hie,
I'll leave my flock upon the grassy plain,

And wander on, so haply I may spy
  Thy roving boy, and bring him here again.

The while take comfort and allay thy fears,
  And tell me how I may thy treasure know
From other striplings of his tender years,
  Whom I may chance to meet as on I go.

MOTHER.

His golden locks adown his shoulders play,
  His azure eyes with life and vigour glow;
His cheeks are rosy as the summer's day,
  His neck and shoulders white as winter's snow.

This morn, to cheat the hours which heavy hung,
  I made his dress like those which shepherds wear;

An oaten pipe across his shoulders slung,
With hat of straw half hid his curling hair.

Ah none that ever heard his lisping tongue,
None that e'er gaz'd upon his angel look,
None that have seen, have done his beauty wrong,
Or for another, have my child mistook.

Now hasten thee, Shepherd, the day is far gone,
Oh bring back my Boy, for the night draweth on

SCENE III.

Represents a Meadow.

BOY.

Shepherd, have you seen a goat,
With band of lilies round his throat?
I brought him here awhile to play,
But, silly thing, 'tis gone away;
I've wander'd over field and plain,
To find and bring it back again,
And now I'm sad and weary grown,
And cold dark night is coming on.
Ungrateful Sylvia, thus to flee
From one of late so kind to thee;
Did I not here thy footsteps lead,
That thou on freshest grass might feed?

Did I not love with all my might,
And make thee all my heart's delight?
Forgetful Sylvia, after all,
Thou wilt not answer to my call;
Thus dost thou all my love repay,
From me at last to run away?

SHEPHERD.

Alas! poor roving goat, I see
Thou wouldest like thy master be:
He well has taught a lesson rude,
And thou hast learnt ingratitude.
Young Boy, and does it grieve thee sore,
That thy lost goat returns no more?
Is then thy mother quite forgot?
Deserted in her lonely cot,
She calls her child, he answers not.

And is she not more fond of thee,
Than thou of thy poor goat canst be?
Has she not watched thee day and night,
And art thou not her sole delight?
Ungrateful thou from her to rove,
And thus repay her tender love.

BOY.

Ah Shepherd, cease, my heart will bleed;
Home let us fly with hasty speed;
Call, mother, to thy child again,
No longer shalt thou call in vain:
He comes to dry the streaming tear,
He comes to ease thy anxious fear.
Haste, Shepherd, for the night is come,
And twinkling stars must light us home.

THE NEEDLE AND THF PEN.

A FABLE.

A Needle and a Pen, belonging to the accomplished and virtuous Sidonia, were continually at variance. The Pen being one day laid aside, and obliged to give place to the Needle, (who was employed in her stead) could not restrain her indignation, but burst forth into bitter accusations against her. "You little presumptuous insignificant thing, (said she,) how dare you intrude yourself upon my mistress's attention in this manner? My excellent mistress, who with such vigour of intellect, and brilliancy of genius, might, by making constant use

of *me*, be distinguished in the literary world, as eminent for learning and knowledge. Her fame might be extended throughout the nation, and her works, handed down to posterity, might contribute to form the minds, and enlighten the understandings, of future generations. But alas! instead of this, a great part (if not the most) of her invaluable time and thoughts is wasted upon you, and your paltry concerns, who are totally unworthy of them, and fit only to be employed in the service of her domestics. For my part I wonder that she has not sufficient discernment to perceive this herself. Does she not find, that every literary production she has by my assistance brought forth, is admired, extolled, applauded? That it excites the envy of some inferior geniuses, the ambition of others, and the admiration of all those that have sense and judgment to discri-

minate its excellence? Whereas, what did *you* ever perform for her, that can boast any of this? *Your* performances are neither seen nor heard of in the world; they procure her neither credit nor applause; and the time she devotes to them is as much thrown away, as if she was to spend it in idleness and inactivity. Oh that I could but open her eyes to these truths! She would then, I am certain, dismiss you for ever, and employ *me* alone in her service." To this impertinent speech the humble Needle patiently listened, and as soon as it was ended, she calmly replied; "My good friend, I acknowledge the truth of a great deal that you have alleged, but I think you are rather too hasty in pronouncing my services useless and mean. You, (who are so wise and learned), should recollect that many of the most distinguished females of former times, did not think

it beneath them to make constant use of me, and my brethren; and there are performances of ours now existing, that are lasting monuments of their ingenuity and skill. With respect to the excellent young lady, in whose service I am so happy as to be employed, the works which I perform, under her guidance, are often productions of skill and industry, of which nobody need be ashamed; and, I will venture to say, will stand a competition with your most admired pieces. Besides, they are the more praise-worthy, as, being unobserved, they cannot be intended to excite admiration and applause. And I have heard it declared by the best and wisest judges, that her blending the more elegant accomplishments with the lower arts of life, is my lady's chief merit, and is an example to many a wise head and learned scribbler. And I have reason to think, when her virtu-

ous life draws near unto its close, she will reflect upon the hours spent with *me,* with peculiar satisfaction. The order that prevails in her domestic concerns is chiefly maintained by our exertions, as is likewise the elegant neatness so remarkable in her personal appearance; but our active services are not confined to herself: the many shivering, half naked wretches we have decently and comfortably clothed; the starving beggar, supported entirely by the produce of our industry; the poor infant we are this moment saving from a cruel death, by providing warm clothing, to shield its half frozen limbs from the inclemencies of the weather; all these, and a thousand other silent and disinterested actions, will give her as much satisfaction, and bring as much peace to her bosom, as the most celebrated production of yours; and, I presume to think, will entitle

her to as bright a reward hereafter. For my part, I can never think myself happy enough in being the instrument of her benevolence; and if you and I could but live together in friendship, and exert ourselves for her service in our separate departments, I am convinced a more useful, a happier Pen and a Needle would no where be found to exist.

The Pen, as my fable relates, was convinced by this argument, and from this time forward, laying aside all contention, they lived in the strictest bond of unity and friendship, and flourished long and happily, under the judicious guidance of their excellent Mistress.

NATURE AND ART.

Art having one day completed a most curious piece of workmanship, could not help feeling very much elated with her success; and boasted to Nature, that she possessed powers equal, if not superior, to her own.—'How wonderful,' said she, 'are my works! It is entirely by my exertions that mankind (whom you form for mere savages) become enlightened and noble beings. Instead of the rude barbarian, lying on the bare ground, or within the shelter of a cave, hunting and destroying other animals for his daily food, and raised but one degree above the brutes who are his associates, behold him,

superbly and gracefully attired, dwelling in his magnificent palace, supplied not only with every necessary, but every convenience, every luxury, that can be desired. Behold the products of all countries, of regions the most remote, assembled for his use. The gems which you had left buried in the bosom of the earth, by *me* are made to sparkle on his brow, or deck his robe. The gold, the silver, which, but for *me*, had remained hid in obscurity, contribute now, both to his use and ornament. The barren land which *you* leave uncultivated, by my transforming power becomes a smiling garden, or a fertile field. Every unfinished, or fruitless attempt of yours, by my powerful hand is ripened into use, till the face of things is changed, and man, in humble gratitude for my having raised him from the deplorable state in which you would have left him, pays to me the

willing homage you would in vain force from him, and bows to my superior power. In answer to this harangue, Nature calmly replied, that though she allowed her rival to be entitled to a very considerable share of praise, and though mankind were deeply indebted to her, yet she could by no means agree to yield to her the pre-eminence in power which she so arrogantly claimed. 'However,' said she, 'as I have an antipathy to useless disputes, I propose that this contest of ours be settled by experiment, and that we both make trial of our separate powers. We will each exert our strength and skill to the utmost, and mankind shall decide between us.' Art agreed without hesitation to this plan; and, with the utmost confidence in her own success, set about to build a Castle in the strongest manner possible; laying the foundations very deep, and building the

stone walls of an immoderate thickness. No sooner was the proud edifice completed, than Nature, resolving to destroy it, caused a most tremendous storm to arise, which shook the fabric to its very base; so strong, however, was the building, that the winds spent their fury in fruitless attempts against the walls, which still stood firm, and seemed to defy the raging hurricane. Art was beginning to raise a cry of triumph, when suddenly the air became darkened, the thunder rolled, and a vivid flash of lightning striking upon the centre of the castle, split it in a moment from the top to the bottom, and with a horrible crash it fell in ruins to the earth. Art, though somewhat mortified, was not to be so easily subdued, and quickly erected another building, laying the foundations still deeper than before, increasing the thickness of the walls, and inge-

niously contriving a *conductor*, which was to carry the lightning into the ground. Nature, though baffled by this specimen of skill, yet smiled with contempt at the well-known vanity of the attempt, and determined immediately to defeat it. A dreadful roaring was heard, a tremendous *Earthquake* convulsed the ground on which the castle stood, and the earth, after emitting clouds of smoke and sulphur, in one dreadful yawning gulph swallowed up the *castle, walls,* ramparts, *conductor,* and all. Art, though indignant at this defeat, consoled herself with the certainty of being able to revenge herself in the destruction of whatever Nature should erect, whose powers were now in turn to be tried. Nature immediately, by an exertion only of her will, raised from the earth a mountain of an enormous height, whose base was formed of adamantine stone,

and whose majestic head reached to the very clouds; one part projecting with gloomy grandeur, the other covered with verdure. It stood a noble specimen of her creative power. No sooner did Art behold it, than, burning with envy and revenge, she employed all her skill to undermine it from the very bottom. She set herself to work, and was indefatigable in digging a subterraneous passage underneath the mountain; which, by the help of all kinds of instruments and tools, she easily effected. She had no sooner done this, than carrying, into the very centre, an immense proportion of a certain composition which she called *gun-powder*, and laying a train from thence to the outside of the mountain, she was, with a lighted torch, in her hand, preparing to set it on fire, and with a dreadful explosion to blow up the mountain, when Nature, seizing her by her arm,

cried, 'Stop, stop,' 'you are rather too hasty in your movements; we are not proceeding upon fair grounds; you cannot suppose that I will consent to supply you with the engines for my own destruction; I borrow nothing from *you* to assist my labour, you have therefore no right to look for help from *me*. I work with my own materials; keep therefore to yours, and to such only as you have made, and give me back my metals, my woods, my stones, of which your tools are composed; give me the various minerals with which your *gun-powder* is formed; and especially, give me back my *fire*, which you are now carrying with such triumph to the mountain, forgetting that, without my consent, not a single spark of it is at your command. The justice of this speech was too evident to be disputed, and Art was forced without delay to return to Na-

ture every thing that so undoubtedly belonged to her. 'Now then,' said Nature, 'proceed with your operations.'—'Alas!' replied Art, who now began to perceive her own inferiority, 'you well know, that by depriving me of your materials, you leave me bereft of all power. You know that without your aid, far from being able to do any thing great or noble, I cannot even fabricate the smallest or most simple instrument. I am entirely dependant upon *you*, and without *you* am nothing, whilst to my assistance you are no ways indebted for that unlimited power which you possess. With humble deference, then, I resign all competition, hoping that, no longer rivals, henceforward, as friends and allies, we shall work together for the good of the world.' Mankind applauded the humility and candour of this speech; they plainly perceived the manifest supe-

riority possessed by Nature; but, aware how much to their interest it was to unite these females in the bond of lasting union, and grateful for the benefits they had so long derived from each, they declared that they would never again be witness to any competition between them, but that they would henceforward pay the homage due to *Nature*, and to *Art* as her *Handmaiden*.

THE MAGIC CASKET.

There was once a young Queen who had received as a present on her birthday, from a fairy who was her godmother, a *Golden Casket*. Now this Casket was of inestimable value; for, besides that the riches it contained were inexhaustible, and that the more were taken out the more remained, it had the wonderful power of enabling the possessor to read the hearts, and to become acquainted with the most secret sentiments of others. Through the whole course of a long and eventful reign, this well-judging and virtuous queen continued to make use of this powerful Casket only for the best and wisest purposes.

Restraining all idle curiosity, she never unnecessarily pried into other people's affairs, but, devoting herself to the welfare of her subjects, she was enabled by its means to discern and reward humble merit, however obscured, and to detect and punish vice, how artful soever its disguise. By such conduct she became the idol of her people and the admiration of the world.—Perceiving, however, at length the infirmities of age to be fast approaching, she set herself to consider to whom it would be most advisable to bequeath this valuable possession, for she wisely foresaw, that it would be a most dangerous power to intrust to any but the wise and prudent, the generous and humane, for whom alone its blessings were intended. After some deliberation, she determined to make use of the Casket itself, in selecting a person worthy to possess it. For this purpose, in one

of the most frequented streets of the city, she ordered a poor's box to be erected, upon which was written an humble adddress "To the charitable and humane;" imploring their assistance, and soliciting their bounty, in behalf of an unfortunate but deserving female, who was reduced to the most abject poverty by a succession of disastrous, but unavoidable misfortunes. The story was written in simple but pathetic language, and calculated to excite the strongest feelings of compassion. In the centre of this Box, securely hid from observation, she fixed with her own hands the Casket, wishing to be informed by its magic power, not only of every gift that should be placed therein, but of the separate feelings and motives of each individual giver; 'For,' said she, 'I am resolved that whoever shall contribute with the purest and most genuine spirit of benevolence

to the charity for which this Box is erected, I will make the happy possessor of my invaluable Casket.'

Many were the passengers who walked unheeding by; many there were whose curiosity induced them to stop till they had read the story, and who then passed on. Some said that they would inquire about it; some that they would *consider* of it, and then walked on to think of it no more; others gave idly some piece of money which they happened to have about them, and which they knew they should not miss; but a few gave it more attention.

Dalinda, as, with her attendants, she sauntered by, commanded the inscription to be read to her, and being interested by the story, cast in a precious bracelet that hung around her fair arm, and then proceeded on her way. Her attendants, in humble compliance with their mistress's example, each de-

prived herself of some trifling ornament, and bestowed whatever she thought the least becoming, hastening to follow her footsteps, lest they should offend by neglect, and unwilling to be detained from the shewy pleasures to which she led the way.

Stung with the bitterest remorse, and deprived by the workings of his conscience of all peace and rest, the powerful, the wealthy VELASQUEZ was, with folded arms and hurried pace, pursuing his way, when the inscription caught his eye. '*Charity!*' Thought he, 'charity may make my peace with heaven, and cover half my sins. If so, how cheaply may I purchase peace of mind.' So saying, he hastily threw into the box whole handfuls of gold and silver, and then with much self-satisfaction proceeded on his journey. The soft eyes of the beautiful and tender-hearted FELICIA were those that next

rested with attention on the address.—"A tale of distress!" said she to the female companion on whose arm she leant: "alas! my own distresses are already too much for my feeble frame to support; yet let me read and sympathize at least with the unhappy sufferers!" "I pray thee, my beloved FELICIA, to forbear," replied her companion; "your feelings are of too delicate a nature to be thus harassed; leave it to harder hearts and stronger constitutions to attend to the woes and sufferings of *others*, but let *thy* care, my gentle friend, be only to sooth thine own.' "What you say, my dear," replied FELICIA, "is, alas! too true; nevertheless, I beseech thee to indulge me in this one instance, and let me yield to the influence of a pleasing melancholy whilst thou readest to me this tale of woe." So saying, she placed herself in the most interesting attitude imaginable, and with

streaming eyes and bursting heart was listening to the voice of her complying friend; when, happening to turn her head, she perceived that LEONTINE was intently observing her. As soon as he caught her eye, he eagerly approached the spot where she stood, exclaiming, "How lovely is beauty in distress, and how irresistible the attractions of benevolence, when she assumes a form so fair!"—FELICIA, whose heart beat high with delight at this speech, seized this opportunity for a display of her generosity, and, affecting not to have perceived the approach of LEONTINE, drew forth her well-filled purse, and with inimitable grace emptied its contents into the box.—LEONTINE, without knowing or caring to what purpose, except to please FELICIA, hastily imitated her example; then pouring forth a profusion of compliments, he offered her his arm; and, well satis-

fied with themselves and with each other, they proceeded together.—It was not long before the splendid chariot of the munificent RAMIREZ drove through the street in which the Box was erected. So public an appeal to the charitable, could not fail of fixing his attention; and, instantly stopping his carriage, he alighted, and reading the story, immediately dispatched his servants who were in waiting with an order to his steward, desiring him to place a considerable sum in the Box, and to have his name inscribed at full length on the outside as the donor.—These commands were speedily executed, and RAMIREZ soon shone in splendid characters on the Box.—SERVILIUS chanced soon after to pass by, and seeing the name of his patron thus blazoned forth, considered this an opportunity not to be lost, for ingratiating himself in his favor, and bestowing a sum,

which, though small, he could ill afford, he wrote his own name underneath, styling himself the humble admirer and imitator of the munificent RAMIREZ.

Evening was now drawing on, and the Queen, anxious to examine her Casket, yet, wishing to avoid observation, disguised herself in the dress of a peasant, and proceeded, unattended, towards the spot where it stood. Her age and infirmity obliged her to walk at a slow pace, and she was overtaken by most of the passengers going the same way. The street was crowded; the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who had been on various errands to the city, were all returning homewards laden with the different products of their industry. Amongst these was ANNETTA, a young and innocent girl, who, formed by nature to be the ornament of a higher station, was by a series of misfortunes reduced to

lead the life of an humble peasant, forced by daily toil to support herself and her widowed mother, who, worn down by grief and disappointment, lived in deep retirement, receiving comfort only from her child. At the manufactory for which ANNETTA worked, there had been that evening a distribution of prizes, and a small sum of money had been bestowed upon ANNETTA as the reward of her industry. Delighted with the acquisition of such a treasure and pondering deeply in what way she could lay it out to give most pleasure to her mother, she was hastening homeward with that lightness of step which denotes gaiety of heart, when she observed the Queen, who seemed to her a poor and infirm old woman, and with a feeling of compassion towards her, she forgot her own haste, and offered to assist her. "Will you lean on *me*," she said; "you

seem tired?" The Queen, pleased with her manner and appearance, accepted her offer, and they entered into conversation. She inquired her name and history; and to all her questions ANNETTA replied with ingenuousness and simplicity. She related her sad story in a few words, and though seeming deeply to feel for the distresses of her poor mother, she spoke of the reverse in her own fortune with the cheerfullest resignation. "I have perceived," said she, "that my poor mother, though she submits with patience to every thing that affects herself alone, yet cannot help repining on my account, at the poverty in which we live. Alas! if she did but know how happy and contented I should be, could I but see *her cheerful* and in health, she would, I am sure, lose all regret on my account; but she would have me lead a life of ease and pleasure; she sighs

deeply when I return to her with the fruit of my day's labour; and before I set out this morning, when she kissed me, and tied on my poor straw bonnet, I saw the tears in her eyes. "Alas!" said she, "that face deserves a better defence, and ill it suits my darling girl to be thus poorly clad." 'For my own part,' said ANNETTA, 'I am perfectly satisfied, for *I* remember no better days. As for my bonnet, it is quite as good as those my companions wear, and when I am from home I have no time to think of what I am drest in. But now that I have obtained this prize and am so rich (continued she), I have surely a right to spend it as I please; and, to delight my mother, I think I will make myself to day quite smart, and return to her this evening in a new straw hat tied down with ribbons. She will wonder, no doubt, at the change in my appearance,

and will not be the less pleased at the cause of it. I think I see her dear face at this moment; ah! how I long to be at home, to tell her the whole story."

The Queen, much pleased by the innocent cheerfulness and sweetness of her manner, determined to take further notice of her. But perceiving they had entered the street where the Casket was placed, she told her that she was come to her journey's end, and would detain her no longer. "Thanks to you," my kind girl," said the pretended poor woman, seating herself on the step of a door; "I have no further need of your assistance; lose therefore no more time, for the sun is setting, but purchase your hat, and make the best of your way home." ANNETTA willingly obeyed, and bidding the Queen farewell, proceeded onwards with all haste, revolving deeply what shaped hat and what coloured ribbon her mother

would be most likely to admire; and she had just made up her mind on this difficult point, when she stopped to look at the odd shaped Box that was fixed up in the street. She read the story with great interest. "Poor thing (said she, the tear of honest sympathy starting in her eye), thou art then still poorer than I am: this small pittance, I fear, will do thee but little good. But such as it is (said she putting the whole of her little fortune into the Box), thou art kindly welcome to, and heaven I hope will help thee!" So saying, she brushed off the tears from her eyes, and pursued her way without further interruption. She was scarcely out of sight, when the Queen came up, and looking cautiously around, when no one was observing her, she very carefully lifted up the lid of the Box, and beheld with satisfaction that it was nearly filled with treasure. Impatient to examine

her Casket, she removed it from its hiding place, and concealing it under her cloak, she returned to the palace.

When she entered her chamber, she placed it upon the table, touched the secret spring, and immediately the lid flew back, the hinges gave way, and she beheld in characters of gold the name of ANNETTA. Could it be possible! amongst gifts the most splendid and numerous, could the poor, the humble ANNETTA's be thus selected as the most worthy of reward? She raised her eyes, and perceived that the Fairy stood before her. "Read (said the Fairy) with attention the occurrences of the day: consult again the Casket; make thyself acquainted with all the various motives of those that have contributed to this charity, and cease to wonder that the humble offering of *pure* benevolence is preferred to

the gifts, however splendid, of pride, of idleness, and affectation. Take to thy care this poor and friendless girl, richly endowed by nature with the noblest and tenderest feelings.

"She needs but the fostering hand of cultivation to become worthy of the most exalted station. Destined for a happier fate, she has hitherto lived in obscurity and indigence; do thou restore to her the blessings of which the caprice of fortune has deprived her; bring to perfection those seeds of virtue which nature has implanted in her mind, and then bestow upon her the reward she will so well deserve." The Queen promised to obey this injunction of the Fairy's, and she faithfully performed her promise: fully impressed with the importance of the task assigned her, she laboured with unceasing assiduity to form the mind of her young pupil, and

to prepare her for the sacred trust she meant hereafter to consign to her. Persevering in this most judicious plan, she had the satisfaction to perceive the success of her endeavours, in the daily improvement of ANNETTA, who soon united every solid virtue to every attractive grace; and at the death of the Queen, which happened a few years after, ANNETTA became the happy possessor of the MAGIC CASKET.

AN

ENIGMATICAL LETTER

TO

LAURA.

MY DEAR LAURA,

You desire to have an account of the manner in which I have passed my time during the last year, and, as I have great pleasure in complying with any of your wishes, I hasten to give it you as well as I can. You must know, that the first three months I spent with a very agreeable young person, nearly of my own age; she induced me to rise very early, and take long rambles in the fields and mea-

dows, from which I returned, loaded by her kindness with cowslips, violets, and primroses.—She was very fond of taking me into the garden, where every day she presented me with something new. The first nosegay she gave me, was only a single snowdrop, so covered with snow I hardly perceived it to be a flower; but as I had been a long time without any, it gave me great pleasure, almost as much as the sweet bunch of violets she placed in my bosom a short time afterwards. She was very fond of animals, birds especially, and took great delight in making them happy; so that when I walked forth with her (as if in gratitude to their young mistress) the birds struck up a general chorus, the sheep and lambs began their gambols, and every animal seemed to rejoice. I could, methinks, have spent my life very pleasantly in this way, with a compa-

nion so well suited to my age and taste; for though, to be sure, she was a little variable in her disposition, and the smiles and sunshine of her countenance were sometimes suddenly clouded, and changed for tears, yet this seldom lasted long, and she soon returned to her usual vivacity. I was doomed, however, only to pass a certain portion of my time in her society, and the day, she told me, must soon come when she would bid me farewell. Perceiving that I was grieved at the thoughts of her departure, she assured me that I should soon cease to lament her absence, for that her place would be supplied by her elder sister, whom, she was certain, I should like a thousand times better than herself. I thought this impossible; but her promises were so fair, and she raise my expectations so high, that I own I was soon reconciled to the idea of her departure, and on

the day she took her leave, I scarcely shed a tear, or bestowed a thought but upon the beautiful maiden, who arrived at that very moment.

How can I describe to you, my dear LAURA, the beauty of her appearance, or the number of delights which her presence afforded me? Her countenance glowed with youth and health; she was crowned with roses and carried in her hand "flowers of every form and hue." The days passed rapidly away in her society; she led me into shady woods and groves, or seated me by the side of a meandering river, or beneath a spreading oak. The mornings were generally spent in reading and retirement, the evenings in dancing on the green. Sometimes she would take me into the hay field, and allow me to amuse myself the whole day in hay-making. Sometimes we had parties on the water; and as to moon-

light walks, (of which you know I am particularly fond) she was never weary of indulging me with them.—After receiving from her so many favors, it seems ungrateful to mention any thing to her discredit, yet I must confess, I perceived a considerable difference between her disposition and that of my former young friend, who seldom displayed any greater irregularity of temper, than an accidental flood of tears, or burst of sighs, and who was more *equal* in her conduct towards me, expressing usually mildness and gentleness, interrupted only by an occasional *coldness*, which gave me but little uneasiness; whereas her sister, who would in general almost overpower me with the ardent *warmth* of her regards, was subject to sudden and violent bursts of anger; and so dark and gloomy were her looks on such occasions, and so loudly would she

rage and storm, that I was actually terrified. No sooner, however, was her passion over, than, seemingly repentant for such conduct, she would weep immoderately. I became at length so accustomed to her, that when I perceived this change of behaviour approaching, I quietly shut myself up in my chamber, and patiently waited till her fury was spent, and her tears dried up; after which I always found her peculiarly mild and pleasing, and I have enjoyed a walk with her in the garden beyond measure, for the birds seemed to rejoice in her returning smiles, and the flowers and blossoms to smell sweeter and fresher than ever.—In one respect her conduct exactly resembled her sister's, she constantly led me to expect that there was in store for me superior gifts; and every present that she made, every blossom with which she decked me, she

called the tokens only of a richer boon, to be presented by her successor. In spite of all this I could not think of losing her and all the joys she had bestowed without a very melancholy feeling; my heart was ready to burst when she reminded me that her departure was approaching; and when, at length, I viewed her parting smile, I could not restrain my tears.—In this melancholy mood, I was well pleased to find that the companion with whom I was to pass the next three months, was of a disposition to encourage, rather than check my melancholy. She had a composed and pensive mien, and a sort of settled seriousness in her countenance; I found her a most congenial companion, took great delight in retracing with her the favourite walks of my beloved and departed friend, and found a pleasing sadness in contemplating the flowers and garlands which

I had so lately seen blooming, and which she now shewed me drooping on the ground. She loved to listen to the rustling of the leaves, which now fell fast from the trees, and preferred this melancholy sound to the notes even of the nightingale. By this description you will see that she had none of the sprightliness and animation I had been so delighted with in my former companions; she was, however, possessed of a most liberal disposition, and faithfully bestowed upon me all I had been taught to expect. She feasted me with the most delicious fruits, and dealt out corn with an unsparing hand to persons of all stations. She gave generously to the poor, and provided them with food and employment; and the harvest, at which she always presided, was to me a source of great amusement.—I suppose you will expect, that as my account of this companion has not

been so flattering as that of the two former ones, I looked forward to her leaving me with less regret. You will therefore be surprised to hear that I thought of it absolutely with dread. This, however, arose, not so much from what I was to lose, as the terror I felt of what was to come; for I was continually told to expect a life of gloom and misery, and to prepare for dark and comfortless days, and long and gloomy nights. Some favourite pleasure, some flower, some bird, were daily stolen from me, that I might become inured to the privations to which I was soon to submit.—Fancy then, my dear Laura, how I shuddered when the dreaded time arrived, and with a heavy sigh I bade my gentle friend "farewell," and turned my eyes towards the terrific figure who now approached me. It seemed at first sight to be that of a grey-headed man, with a long white

beard and hair, holding in his hand a withered branch; his aspect was severe, his frowns were terrific, and turned my very blood cold. Pale and trembling, I left the garden and the fields, and bade, as I thought, a long adieu to every pleasure; but, however, I had no sooner entered the house, and examined the features of the old man with a little more courage, than I thought I perceived something like a good-humoured smile upon his countenance. One of the first things he did was to seat me very comfortably by the fire-side; he then induced me to take up a book of stories, which I found very entertaining, and which made the time pass very quickly. After this he was good-natured enough to assemble all my brothers and sisters, and a party of young friends besides; and we made a large circle round the fire, and never was there a merrier party.

We had games of all kinds and sorts; and though the good old man did not join in them himself, yet he was, I assure you, the promoter of them all. The evening concluded with a most excellent supper, where there were abundance of plum-cakes, mince-pies, &c. besides many other good things. The next morning we all met in a large hall, and as soon as breakfast was over, the first thing he did was to put us in mind of battledores and shuttle-cocks; and bringing in a large collection of both, we all began playing with the greatest glee, and the hall resounded with the merry sound. You may guess, that by this time my prejudice against this good old man was quite done away, and that I began to be almost as fond of him as of my younger companions. But what inclined me to like him the best, was, that when the young friends whom he had the

day before assembled for my amusement, began to prepare for their departure, he positively forbad their leaving the house; so that, instead of the party being all broken up, we had a continuance of mirth and jollity. Every evening we had either music or dancing, for (to my great surprise) he is very fond of both, and of every thing that is sociable, hospitable, and merry. He gave me a month or six weeks holidays, and the same to all other boys and girls. He was most fond of in-doors amusements, at the same time he did not confine us entirely to the house, but wrapped us up in furs, and sent us to run about in the snow. He taught the boys to make snow-balls, to slide and skate on the ice by the hour together; and, in short, during the time he staid with me, the hours past so happily, that, instead of dreading his approach, I shall look forward

to the time when he will return, which he has promised to do next year.

Having now, my dear Laura, given you a faithful account of these my four friends, I shall only add, that as I expect another visit from each of them, I beg you will let me know which you will have most pleasure in meeting, as your company will be always equally delightful to

Your very affectionate friend,

LAVINIA.

MY DEAREST LAVINIA,

I HAVE discovered your meaning, though you have hid it with some cunning; and I have a pretty good guess at the names of your four friends. I perceive that you intend to shew me, that to a mind

and temper well regulated as your own, each varying season presents in turn its own peculiar pleasures and enjoyments; and I answer to your invitation, that to visit my dear Lavinia, either in SPRING, in SUMMER, AUTUMN, or WINTER, will give equal pleasure to

Her very affectionate friend,

LAURA.

TIME AND FANCY.

A YOUTH, just entering upon the journey of life, arose in the morning and began his career, with his body in full vigour, his mind animated with the beauties of the prospect, and his heart beating with expectations of delight. He was led by the hand of Time, and accompanied by Fancy. The power of Time was irresistible, and he was compelled, however unavailingly, to submit entirely to his guidance, and to keep for ever at his side; whilst with longing eyes he beheld Fancy flying at will, from one place to another, restrained by no power,

and guided only by inclination. He had not proceeded far before he began to murmur at his fate, and to complain with bitterness of the strange and capricious conduct of his guide. "Oh Time, Time, (said he) how perverse is thy humour! would I had power over thee! how often would I arrest thy speed, or animate thy flight! Whenever the road we have to tread is steep and rugged, when no amusement presents itself to my view, and no shade invites me to repose; when I am separated from all in whom I take delight, and all around is barren and desolate; while at a distance I behold the most alluring pleasures; Fancy, my darling companion, springs forward, and flying over hill and dale, arrives in an instant at the desired spot. Whilst I, alas! vainly and eagerly longing to follow, am forcibly restrained by your powerful arm, con-

demned with tedious step to creep by your side, and so slow, so tardy, is your pace, that scarcely can I perceive you to advance at all; nor can entreaties, persuasions, or even tears, incline you to accelerate it. To all this, however, I would submit with patience, did I not perceive that your intention was merely to torture me; for no sooner are we arrived, and delighted with the attainment of what I have so long and so ardently desired, I begin to enjoy the pleasures around me, and to wish that they would last for ever, than with the most cruel caprice you clap on a pair of wings, and seizing me with an irresistible grasp, you bear me on with incredible speed, and pursue your rapid flight till the lovely prospect fades before my view; the groves, the valleys disappear, the voices of my companions are lost in the distance, and I and pleasure

are again parted. Then only you seem satisfied to return to your original pace, which you steadily pursue as before, whilst (with a heavy heart and a tearful eye) I look back on the scene of past happiness, where Fancy, free from thy severe control, still loves to linger. "Young man (repied Time) your accusation is unjust; your weak and erring judgment is misled by your gay companion Fancy; and it is only by a comparison with her progress that you deem mine so changeable. It is *her* pace that is uncertain and capricious; mine is unvarying. With steady step I lead you on, whilst Fancy, attracted by every pleasure, and checked by every difficulty, flies or creeps at the command of her own wayward humour. Cease, therefore, to weary me with these unjust reproaches, apply thyself to curb her idle freaks, and regulate her wavering

movements; so mayest thou be enabled (instead of wasting thy spirits in fruitless lamentation for what is past, or anxious expectation for what is to come) to reap the advantages thou shalt meet with in thy road; to seize the good that is everywhere scattered around thee, to overcome the difficulties, enjoy the pleasures, and to finish thy journey with success.

THE END.

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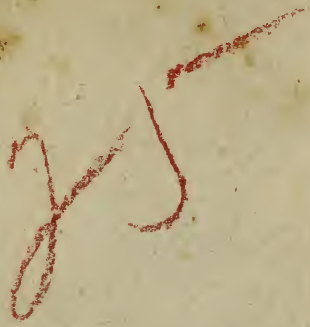

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